

Story idea

A child draws with black paint and falls into it never to be seen again

Years passed the family getting more and more desperate to find her by the day

An old man buys that black paint off of the family that were selling everything in their house to get enough money to pay the police to find their child

The artist sees colors mixing into the pitch black sky that he drew that he didn't remember adding

He tried touching it but his finger went through it

Through the void his finger looked more like art than reality

He spoke through the void

There was dead silence

He threw his snack into the void and it turned into art

Then splitting apart into beams of colors and fading into the darkness

He could still draw on top of it without it being erased

So he thought he could bring something out of the art by drawing it

He went to his basement and took a black and white photo of him in his younger years his wife and his daughter blankly starring back at him

He put the photo next to him and started drawing the child

Short Blond golden hair flowing in the nothingness of the void, her big blue eyes reflecting the cold colors of the room he was sitting in, warm colored skin and white glowing dress

He looked at his art for a second and thought he'd try again

Until her hair started moving, flowing

She blinked and started breathing

"Hi

Am... grandpa why are you sad?"

The old man burst into tears taking the canvas running down the stairs and putting the art in his basement abruptly

Before he bashed the doors closed he could hear "tell my parents I'm sorry"

He gripped his chest his heart beating loud enough for him to hear every beat mimicking his breath

“It wasn’t my fault” said the old man before going upstairs into his dark broken home laying down on his mattress blowing out the candle yet unable to sleep

The darkness giving him an illusion that she is was front of him

The cold wind passing through the broken window shaking him to his core
Even after closing his eyes he couldn’t do anything but stare at her blank face starring back

The dark feeling more and more like the infinite void

He lit the candle back up to see the walls of his house unable to sleep for the longest time

He pulled bricks off of his walls and stacked them in front of the window and put his thin torn apart blanket in between in front of the window to keep the winds away

Keeping his hands near the candle while praying

The girl wouldn't want to get out because she got so used to floating in the void of darkness alone talking to herself and was afraid of speaking to someone again and feeling the weight of the world literally and figuratively

The old man would think his daughter was in the painting instead of a daughter of someone else possessing the art thinking she was reminding him of his past failures to protect her and her mother

And after realizing it's someone else's he'd try to bring her back to her family safely but people who'd find out about the art in which there's an entire world people would want to know more about it and some would even want to do experiments on it

The man would have to protect the girl at all costs and demonstrate that change in life is okay and that it'll be beneficial to get used to it on the long run instead of forever being stuck in a place she's comfortable with

Like him living with his mental illness given to him by his past trauma and coming to terms with it

The girl would have to climb out of the art before falling into another void which was the experiment I was talking about earlier

Holding onto the old man's hand and popping out of the art regaining his old body and paint of her old artistic body dripping away

and her old family after pretty much becoming homeless would live with the old man getting used to their new lives

Also I thought of a concept where he was actually drawing his son because I thought it wouldn't make much sense for both parents to have one daughter

But now that I think about it her voice would need to be of a girl so him being freaked out over him hearing what he thinks is his own daughter would be a bit more realistic on that sense

So I could change it to make it more diverse and interesting

Hell she'd have a whole new body right? New body new voice new lungs and all she breathed for the first time in a while so she can use the body normally

I'll change it later

I realized that them making an experiment with that painting even after realizing the black paint had to do with all of it would be strange and it would be really inconvenient if that strange black paint just ran out like that

So maybe they could be doing dangerous experiments spreading too many colors into the black void as to changing the color and mass of the void making it condense more and more unlike before when it was more like space

That would make sense considering matter spreads there so if they added heat into it and too much of it might I add that heat could start spreading and start melting things around it

Hell maybe the old man's family died in a fire and he saw them screaming while burning away unable to get to them under the rubble as everything they worked for turned into ashes

But I won't be direct on that one